In My Father's Eyes

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by Rosawyn

Summary

Extra scenes that didn't fit in "Can We Start Again?" primarily for pov reasons.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“You're overreacting,” Martha said, voice steady, edged with warning. Warm sunlight filtered through the curtains, reflecting bright gold off the red of her hair.

“Our eighteen-year-old son who just *barely* graduated high school is dating a twenty-five-year old who owns his own company, who as far as I can tell has been perving on him since he *hit him with a car* when he was only *fifteen*, and you think I'm overreacting!” Jonathan shook his head, rubbing one hand over his mouth. Unbelievable.

Martha grimaced, folding her hands on the table in front of her. “We don't know how long any of this has been going on.”

“Exactly; we don't.” Jonathan gestured angrily with one hand. He paced two steps in one direction then turned on his heel. “The fact that they don't *tell* us makes it pretty damn clear it's been going on for longer than they know we'd approve of.”

Sighing, Martha shook her head. “They both know you'd never approve anyway.” Her voice was tired, a hint of bitterness running through it like a faint taste of smoke on the evening air.

Jonathan sighed, looking at the ceiling before looking back at his wife. “It's not the whole...the whole *gay* thing that's the problem. You know that, right?” Did *Clark* know that, though? Jonathan winced. “I'd be okay if he was dating someone like...Pete, or, you know, anyone *his own age*.”

Martha pressed her lips together, pushing a lock of hair behind her ear. “And someone who's not a Luthor?”

“Yes!” Jonathan ran a frustrated hand over his face, because he *knew* it wasn't really fair or right, but Lex's last name was as big of an issue to him as Lex's age.

Martha sighed again. Standing up, she put a gentle hand on his arm. “Clark thinks you're mad at him. You need to talk to him.”

Jonathan shook his head. He barely saw Clark anymore. It wasn't just that Clark preferred his boyfriend's charming company, his boyfriend's stupid, big, fancy house. Jonathan was the real reason. The last time he'd seen Clark, Clark had *tried*, had reached out, all 'I love you, Dad' eyes and *hope*, and it had *hurt*...and Jonathan had walked away. “I—I don't know what I'd say.” He let his hand fall to his side, slapping his leg through the rough material of his jeans. “Probably something

stupid and make everything worse.”

o0o

It had, Lex was beginning to realize, been the worst idea ever to let anyone know he and Clark were dating. To confirm what some may have suspected but could never prove. Maybe it would have been okay if they could have just somehow magically kept it secret from both their *fathers*.

While Jonathan was, predictably, furious, Lionel was...

Pleased. Pleased that Lex had this *influence* over Clark, pleased that Clark was spending so much time at the mansion. Pleased that he, Lionel, could see more of Clark. He'd been using every flimsy excuse imaginable to drop by, and there wasn't much Lex could do since Lionel still owned the house. There was no question he ached to lure Clark into the lab and press him under every sort of microscope.

It would have been better if he'd been angry, disappointed. Lex had years of experience dealing with *that*. But Lionel was smiling that infuriating, knowing smile, as if he knew anything at all, and calling Clark a 'remarkable boy'. As if Clark, at eighteen years and nearly six foot three, was still something that could be described as a 'boy'. He hadn't even looked like a 'boy' that day Lex had *met* him, when he hadn't yet been sixteen. Maybe it was the alien thing; maybe he matured faster.

“You must see the opportunity, son.” Lionel leaned back in his high-backed desk chair, steepling his fingers. “The boy is smitten with you; he's offering himself to you on a silver platter. You'd be a fool not to take advantage of that.”

Revulsion swirled in Lex's gut. 'Take advantage'—that's what Clark's father thought he'd been doing, leading a young innocent astray. When...it wasn't something Lex wanted to admit aloud, but Clark was the one leading *him*. *Clark* had asked to sleep in his bed that first night. *Clark* had initiated their first kiss—hungry and eager, the night he turned seventeen, whispering against his lips how he was tired of waiting for his boyfriend to kiss him already when they'd been sharing a bed off and on for months. *Clark* had said 'I love you'. Kept saying it, and never looked hurt when Lex didn't say it back. Clark had—Clark had saved Lex's life when it hadn't felt worth saving, hadn't felt worth anything at all. Clark continued to save his life, every day. “That's not what this is about.”

Lionel's gaze hardened. “That is *always* what this is about: either you control him or he controls you; there isn't a third option, Lex.”

But Clark didn't 'control' Lex either. He didn't. Could he possibly know the effect one of his smiles, the mere hint of his approval had? But Lex knew what manipulation felt like; he had his father to thank for that. And Clark... No. With Clark, Lex didn't feel 'controlled' or trapped or used or pressured or *anything* like that. He felt happy. He felt safe. He felt free. Not manipulated, not controlled. That wasn't what this was about.

o0o

The heavy wooden door slammed behind Lex as he stormed out of the mansion. Clark was sitting on the front steps, soaking up the sun—the most stunningly beautiful solar battery Lex had ever seen. But...it wasn't just the sun; Clark was outside, because he was avoiding Lionel. Which was fair, of course; Lex avoided Lionel as much as he possibly could. And the less time Clark 'remarkable boy' Kent spent near Lionel Luthor, the better. But Clark no longer felt welcome in his *own* home. And that was Lex's fault.

Turning towards Lex, Clark's welcoming smile melted to concern. “Lex?” His beautiful brow furrowed. “What's wrong?”

Lex shook his head, gesturing vaguely towards the mansion. “Oh, my dad's an asshole, but you already knew that.” He took a step towards Clark. “Let's go to Metropolis. Right now. Just you and me.” He grinned. “We can stay at the most expensive hotel, eat at the most high-end restaurants—or just order room service—soak in the hot tub... I'll buy us the best champagne in the city.” Clark wasn't yet legally old enough to drink, but it wouldn't be the first time Lex had given him alcohol. Not that he could even get buzzed off the stuff, but he didn't seem to mind drinking it.

Grinning and standing up, Clark took his hand in his strong, warm grip. His eyes flashed amusement. “You had me at 'hot tub'.” Leaning in, he kissed Lex—the angle was strange, Clark standing a step lower so they were nose-to-nose rather than Clark towering over him—then pulled back, biting his lip. “Sorry.” He ducked his head, blushing a little. “That...wasn't entirely honest.” He met Lex's eyes through his dark lashes. “You had me at 'just you and me'.”

It wasn't a permanent solution, but maybe there was none. Fathers were...fathers. They could rage and plot and fume. They could slam

doors and turn their backs. They could make their disapproval and disappointment as clear as they liked. It wouldn't change a damn thing.

o0o

Conner kicked off his shoes and dropped his backpack as he wandered into the house. Clark always scolded him for not putting his things away neatly, but what did they have a housekeeper for if not to actually keep the house? Besides, he'd be moving the backpack to his room later to do homework and crap, but he wanted a snack first. “Hey, Pop,” he said, walking into the kitchen.

“Conner.” Lex flashed him a smile. He was standing at the kitchen island, chopping up way too many different kinds of vegetables. “How was school?”

Conner shrugged, opening the fridge. “It was okay.”

Lex hummed in a way that meant he wasn't listening very closely.

Conner pulled the jug of juice out and set it on the counter, opening the cupboard to get himself a glass. “Is Dad around?”

“He's in his office, writing.”

Conner nodded. At least he wasn't out on assignment or something. He grabbed a handful of cookies from a box in another cupboard.

“Conner.” There was an edge of warning in Lex's voice.

Conner raised an eyebrow, trying for an innocent expression. “What?”

Lex set down his knife. “How many cookies are you allowed?”

Conner shrugged, grinning crookedly. “As many as I want?”

Lex just looked at him.

Sighing and rolling his eyes, Conner put all but three back. The cookies thing was *Clark's* rule. It made no sense that Lex should try to enforce it when his other dad wasn't even there to see. Grabbing his glass of juice, Conner sat on one of the stools at the end of the kitchen island.

Sighing, Lex put the jug of juice back in the fridge.

Conner tried to hide his grin by taking a bite of cookie.

Lex went back to his cutting board.

“Pop?” Conner swallowed his bite of cookie and washed it down with juice.

“Yeah?” Lex's knife made quiet noises against the cutting board.

“I think I might be straight.” Conner turned a cookie in his hands, trying to watch his father without looking like he was watching.

Lex continued to slice up something green and leafy—maybe bok choy? “Most people are.”

Conner grimaced. “Yeah, but...you and Dad are gay.”

“Technically,” Lex explained, swiping the green stuff into a frying pan, “your dad and I are both bisexual.”

“Oh.” Conner had never thought of *that*. “But...” He moved his glass on the marble countertop, making uneven designs with the rings of condensation. “You don't... I mean, you're *together*, and you don't...”

“Sexuality isn't about what you *do*, Conner,” Clark said, walking into the kitchen and offering Conner a smile. “It's about what you *like*, and what you *want* to do.”

“Yeah...” Lex narrowed his eyes, looking from Clark to Conner. “When you said you think you might be straight, I hope you didn't mean that you've started actually *having* heterosexual sex—you're only thirteen.”

“Okay, okay.” Conner glared at his juice. He didn't want to talk about *having* sex. He shrugged. “I guess I just always assumed you guys were gay.” It's what everyone said... 'They're a gay couple,' 'Conner's dads are gay,' 'My mothers are gay too.' He shrugged again. “Maybe I'm bi too; I dunno.” Though, he was pretty sure he was straight. Probably.

“Most people are straight,” Clark said.

Conner rolled his eyes. “Pop *just* said that.” It's not like he didn't know that the whole damn world was straight. Well, most of it. Just like most of the world was right-handed. “And besides...” Conner rolled his eyes again, unable to suppress a crooked grin. “Most *humans* are straight. You really have no idea what most Kryptonians would be.” If Clark was bi, maybe Conner was the first straight Kryptonian. Except

he was only half Kryptonian.

“Okay.” Smiling, Clark slid onto the stool beside Conner. “And you're right; we don't know very much about Kryptonians.”

“I've only ever been able to secure the one sample for study,” Lex said, voice all casual as he scraped more chopped vegetables into the frying pan.

Conner rolled his eyes, and Clark made that soft sound in his throat that meant he was trying to be annoyed at Lex. But failing, because he was so disgustingly in love. It was gross, really. If they hadn't been his parents, the way they kissed and held hands in public would have been kind of sorta...cool, just a general 'whatever' to the mostly straight world and all the dumbasses who had a problem with people who were different.

Turning his attention to Conner, Clark said, “So is there any particular reason you've come to the conclusion that you're—*probably*—straight?”

Conner ducked his head. “There's...” He stopped, pressing his finger on a cookie until it broke into three pieces.

“Tell me about her,” Clark prompted.

Conner tried not to flush too obviously. “She's really pretty...” She had red hair and liked to wear headbands.

Lex laughed softly. “Aren't they always.”

“She's good at sports. And she likes to read.” Conner glanced shyly between his two fathers. “I like her laugh.”

“Already sounds like he's got better taste than you did,” Lex muttered to Clark who just grinned. Turning to Conner he asked, “She's your age, though?”

Conner shrugged. “She's in my grade, so I guess so.”

Lex looked relieved. Clark just grinned.

Shaking his head, Conner took another bite of cookie. He might have gay—or, okay, *bi*—dads, and they might be rich and all, but...they were still pretty lame most of the time. And it's not like he could tell people about the alien thing. Or the superhero thing. Or *any* of the

cool stuff. But... They were pretty cool about some things. Sliding off his stool, Conner wrapped his arms around Clark, mumbling, “Love you, Dad.”

“Love you too, Conner,” Clark said, sounding surprised as he returned the hug.

Pulling back, Conner rolled his eyes. It hadn't been *that* long since he hugged his fathers.

Lex was quiet, doing that stupid thing he did where he pretended he didn't see or care what was happening.

Walking over to him, Conner wrapped his arms around him as well. “Love you too, Pop.” Because of *course* he loved him too.

Lex sounded even more surprised than Clark had when he returned the hug, saying, “I love you, Conner.” He cleared his throat. “Don't forget to rinse your glass out and put it in the dishwasher when you're done.” He gestured to the still half-full glass of juice.

Rolling his eyes as he slid back into his seat, Conner said, “I know.”

End Notes

There will be at least one more additional portion of this series, posted at a later date. Much like the majority of this instalment, it will take place during the time encompassed by “Can We Start Again?”

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